ments in the New Amsterdam (heatre building, New York, an old actor wan-dered into the structure, got by the watchman and upstairs. Here he was



exponent. An entire change of special-ties is made with each bill.

THEATRE patron whose disgust a the cheap bids made for applause by some actors through the use of vulgar expressions is large and healthy, has written some comment on the subject for an eastern paper. In part he

"There is a growing tendency on the part of certain comedians in vaudeville to the use of loose language, and the sooner they realize that they ought to check themselves the better it will be for them and the profession in general. in the use of loos hardware, and the profession in conclusion considered in conclusion con

And speaking of demonstrations of approval reminds us that the applause plot of the average theatrical performance seems to be considered of as much limportance these days as the scene plot, the property plot or any other routine feature. A notable illustration of this fact was given in Salt Lake last week. The business manager of a company applauded and applauded surd. The company was a good one and it furnished some enjoyable performances, but the people didn't enjoy the plays a bit more because of the thunderous "property" applause that greeted the close of every act.

G. W. Townsend, who just then joined the group.

"You don't come in at all," said the goal by the Blossom,

"Chimmie Fadden' does not talk slang. You will find everything he ever said in the dictionary."

And Townsend does root the sound to win.

Nancy Brown

A theatrical man of wide experience, who was a Salt Lake visitor last week. who was a Salt Lake visitor last week, smiled broadly over the announcement in a dramatic publication to the effect that a certain production would cost its promoters \$75,000 before the curtain was rung up on the first performance. "What a jolly lot of rot that js," he said. "I'd be willing to wager all of my salary for the next year—and it isn't all 'stage money,' either—that that production won't cost over \$10,000. I don't believe it will cost more than

Some theatrical men must think the public is easily gulled. Do you know you can buy a whole lot of almost anything for \$5,000 these days? For that amount of money a bright manager can stage a play and make the costumes, scenery and props look as if they had cost five times \$5,000. The gambling spirit is strong in the theatrical business, but no manager of any brains at all is going to risk \$75,000 or an amount remotely approximating it on a production that may not mating it on a production that may not run over four or five performances."

The preliminary season at the Grand opens tomorrow night with the Widemann company in comedy repertoire and vaudeville. The engagement will run-through the week with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The advance sale has been very satisfactory. The Salt Lake theatre will be dark throughout the weak, and probably until the regular opening, Sept. 5.

PRESS AGENTS' PROMISE.

The Grand theatre opens the season tomorrow night, presenting Wiedemann's big show in a reportoire of light comedies and polite vaudeville between acts. This is the first appearance of this attraction in this city, but it has played the Stair & Havlin circuit for the less two seasons and has a season. for the last two seasons and has a rep-utation for giving clever performances The acting company is headed by Tom and Nellie Wiedemann, and the sup-port is very strong. The offering for Monday and Tuesday and matinee on Wednesday is the four-act story of southern Illinois, "Down in Egypt." There is a portion of that state known as "Egypt," and the author, Thomas Wiedemann, has constructed a play of southern Illinois, "Down in Egypt."

There is a portion of that state known as "Egypt," and the author, Thomas Wiedemann, has constructed a play of the curtain raised I was called by the curtain raised I was called by the local manager, who introduced me

to six gentlemen from the Colonial club the most fashionable in the city. They handed me a request to be taken to the prima donna, asking as a special favor that she would introduce "The Last Rose of Summer."

Rose of Summer.'

"While standing in front of one of the proverbial bad hotels of the south one day my attention was arrested by the piteous howling of a poor old dog as the head waiter was ringing a bell that announced that dinner was ready. After the negro had finished he turned to the dog and said: 'What you hollerin' fo'? Yo' doan hav' t' cat at dis hotel.'"

Notel."

* * * *

Violet Dale, who played the principal soubrette with the Augustin Daly Musical company on the Pacific coast, had a narrow escape while she and her mother were rowing on the Columbia river. The company was playing at Tacoma. Wash, at the time. After rowing a considerable distance and not allowing for a fast tide, they were carried into an eddy. Miss Dale, exerting herself to her utmost to extricate the boat from its dangerous position, only succeeded in going further from shore and into rougher water. An attempt to row against the tide proved futile and left the rower exhausted. In this predicament they were espied by two fishermen, who, with much difficulty, towed them to land, but a great distance from their starting place. Miss Dale and her mother then tramped across the mountains to Tacoma, arriving just as the curtain went up and prevented the dismissal of the audience, as no understudy had been provided for Miss Dale. Miss Dale, with the other members of the company, have arrived in town, the company having closed its season. The closing bill for Friday and Saturday and Saturday matinee is Boyer Bros.' four-act American melodrama, "A Pair of Tramps," a story of New York of today. The plot is a pleasing one and Nellie Wiedemann as Kitty Garman, the terror of the street, has a part that fits her like a glove. Petite Zella Marle, the child actress, as the smallest of the Dunn family, does some clever work. The vaudeville offering between acts is Pickett and Whippler, international character dancers; Ben Brown, the balladist; Nellie Wiedemann, in an entirely new and startling electric dance; Cris Allen in monologues and Frank Arthur, the ragtime exponent. An entire change of special-

Hallett Thompson, who is playing leading man with the Grand Opera Stock company at Syracuse, N. Y., had an experience last Sunday morning that gave evidence in a peculiar way of the fact that in the minds of many the actor and the character that he portrays are considered identical. Mr. Thompson tells of the incident in the following fashion:

"While I was slumbering peacefully, at about 7 o'clock in the morning, the telephone in my room rang and the clerk informed me that there was a man in the office in great distress who wanted to see me at once. Thinking

time she had in gaining any promi-nence. She spoke of the work, the dis-couragement, the small pay, etc., then lelivered this bit of advice for the am-

"The one thing I should like to say to a beginner would be: 'Make up your mind to win out on the square. Influ-ence, pull, may get you your opportu-nity, but only earnest, hard, incessant work day and night, and you must love it, will bring you success.
"It is the girl with one purpose that

gets there finally. The girl that subor-dinates everything to that purpose, concentrates on and concentrates herself to that one purpose; that allows no pursuit and no claim, no demand to interfere with her determination to win the goal by the incessant labor that must be her price, gladiy given, that is

"Oh, I tell you, when I found that Nancy Brown was all right, that she had landed on her feet, don't you know. And Townsend does not know whether he was stung or complimented. I just went down on my knees and thanked God and prayed harder than ever that I might not lose through any fault of mine my place in the esteem of the public, and I tell you I've done some tall praying.

Walker Whiteside, who is to make an elaborate production next season of "We Are King," a new play from the pen of Lieutenant Gordon Kean of Eng-land, had suffered severely once from quite proud of her small capital. But one day the book was missing. She hunted high and low and far and an attack of malaria, while traveling through the south, and he had been cautioned to be very particular as to the purity of his drinking water. wide, but no trace could she find of it. By the time she was once more in New York her fortunes were up and she decided to let the savings account remain in the bank until the book turned up. That was twelve years

In one small town of the south he was unable to obtain any mineral water and the waiter brought him a glass of water that was furnished by the hotel.

Mr. Whiteside held up the glass, and as it was anything but clear, he asked: "Waiter, where does this water come

"From the ribber, sah."
"What river?"

A few nights ago, when Miss Bingham was playing in one of the minor western towns, the clerk of the hotel at which she was registered sent to her room a notification that a parcel awaited her in the office safe. Miss Bingham investigated and discovered the missing bankbook. It had been found, a few weeks after her departure, under the mattress in the bed she had occupied. The accumulations of the past were then promptly turned over to Miss Bingham's pet charity.

Mr. Wait was it was "Wait from?"

"From "F "De Tennessee, sah."
"It looks muddy. Is it pure?" "It am, sah."
"But it cannot be pure. Look at it."
s discolored. What's in the river?" "Nothin' but tributaries, sah."

Mrs. Langtry is now at her country estate, Regal Lodge, Newmarket, England. She is actively preparing for her return to America next season, when she will be seen in her newest play "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." It is quite probable that she will appear in three special performances in London "Last season," says M. A. Moseley
"with the Boston ideal Opera company
we played a small town in South Carolina, and probably were the first opera
company to appear there. The opera
was 'The Bohemian Girl.' and you can
judge how they liked it from the criticism that was given in the next issue
of their weekly paper, which said: 'The
Boston Ideal Opera troupe played to a
large audience of our best people in
our opera house on last Tuesday night.
The opera was "The Bohemian Girl,"
and everybody seemed to enjoy themseives, but we are under the impression
that if the people had sung less and
talked more the pleasure would have
been greater. However, that beautiful
ballad, "Then You'll Remember Me."
from "East Lynne," was very nicely,
rendered."
"During a week's engagement in Per three special performances in London before leaving for this country. Mrs. Langtry's old neighbors in Jersey have formally petitioned her for two per-

formally petitioned her for two per-formances there and a number of Lon-don managers want her to give one at the Imperial theatre for a critical review of the play. Since its few first presentations in America, the play has been elaborated by the introduction of a character gently satirical of the pre-valent fad of physical culture. One of the most difficult men in the

to be a railroad president," was the re-spense, "and I want you to make one out of him."

"By appointment or premotion?" asked the railroad official, trying hard to look pleasant no matter how sainful. "Well, the material's a little raw for the first." the father laughed, "and I reckon the sudden change would be a little stiff on Willy. Shake hands with him, any-way."

ache thrown in that you have yet missed in your search for employment. I don't know that we can do anything for you, anyway. You see, the president of this corporation is not only glving excellent satisfaction to the directors, but is enjoying excellent health, and that position is not vacant. In fact, I don't know of a single opening unless it is that of office boy. Our present incumbent is off on his vacation, and his substitute refused to clean up a muss I carelessly made, on the ground that he did not break into the railroad business to become a nigger porter. The result was that I had to let this Napoleon of the future seek new fields to conquer, while I did the work he refused to do. When it comes to work you will find that railroad men are just about as common as the rock ballast used on heavy grades, and there's a deal more have graduated from overalls and jumpers than have got degrees, although I don't deny that the theoretical training is a great thing to refer to after you have forgotten some of the unnecessary information acquired. A college education is a good deal like a good woman, she may make a great appearance while you are engaged, but you never know how much she is feally worth in a practical way until long after you've been married. Now, if you wanted to take that office boy's place, it may be I could get you a job as section hand or perhaps as a flagman by the time the regular boy comes back—that is, if you want to learn the railroad business?"

"I'll take it and thank you. sir."

and by the time the regular boy comes, back—that is, if you want to learn the railroad business."

"I'll take it and thank you, sir."

The official looked up, and although he may have been astonished, he did not show it. It's another characteristic of the railroad man that he wears the same mask in times of great pleasure, tragic excitement, and daily duty.

"When can you start in?" he asked.

"T'm ready right now. If you're without a boy, I at least know the way to the postoffice, and I dare say carrying the mail is one of his duties. I don't know at all that I'll be very quick to learn but I'm not afraid to do any kind of sweeping or cleaning up. I reckon that'll just about fit my measure, and if there is a chance as a flagman, I'd thank you if you would keep me in mind. Can I start in now?"

The official called in one of the clerks outside and told him to break the new boy in. After he had left he turned to the father and said; "That boy's got a mind just sudden enough to make a railroad man, and ff he always backs up his judgment with as quick action as in this particular case, he'll do. That is, if he sticks. I had no more idea of his taking the job than anything in the world. It's rather refreshing to be disappointed that way now and then. Most of the applicants talk a lot about the beginning at the bottom and work up system, but what they really are after is an appointment to something easy. And they always find that we're out of easy things. If you'll wait a few minutes while I open the way for a party of Masons in the south to travel to some seashore resort in the cast without having to change cars more than once or wait anywhere for more than that, he learned that he had—

But that is quite a different story.—Atlanta Constitution.

When Water Tastes Good.

when was in on the first chapter.

It was this way:
One of the officials of the road sat in his chair dictating to a young man the while he sorted with skillful hands and a quick eye certain typewritten sheets of brownish paper that in the railroad world mean orders. 'It will be impossible to hold 20 for the time you suggest, but if you can guarantee 125 we will run a second section that will make the eastern connections.' The dry monotone of the dictator was broken by the appearance of a clerk in the doorway who, with the pause, announced a waiting visitor.

The face of the official wore a bored expression as he finished the letter and then touched an electric button for the caller to be shown in.

"He was this way:

When Water Tastes Good.

(Washington Post.)

This is a Texas story. There was gathered at one of the country towns the usual crowd for the country court, which included the judge, the district attorney, sheriff, clerk, a number of lawyers, and on this particular occasion, a young army officer. Well, they celebrated to rather a late hour the first night, and when bed-time came it was found that most of them had to sleep in the one large room called in the west the "school section" because everything in the school section lands in the early days belonged to everythe district attorney or when the district attorney or well out and found a pitcher of ice water. As he poured it down his throat it fairly bissed. After a long draught he stopped and said: "No d-d sober fool knows how good water lastes."

atchman and upet by another watchman.

"What do you want?" asked the man
n charge.

"I want to go into Mr. Erlanger's
office." replied the actor.

"But he hasn't even moved into it,"
explained the man.

"I know that," said the actor. "I
also know that his desk is not there,
and I know, too, that the office is absolutely empty.

"You may not understand," replied
the actor, sadly, "but I would like to
be able to say that I have been in Erbe able to say that I have been in Erlanger's office. This is my solitary
langer's office. This is my solitary
langer's office, This is my solitary
langer bout a month."

"Well, the father lang.

"I the father lang.

"Well, the father lang.

"I the sudden change would be a "

"I the sudden change would be a first.

"I the father lang.

"I the sational the raw material go

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atisfied smile, and came out.

* * *

There are a few mosquitoes at Kirk

There are a few mosquitoes at Kirk

There are a few mosquitoes at Kirk

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There are a few mosquitoes at Kirk

There are a few mosquitoes at Kirk

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There are a few mosquitoes at Kirk

The Dramatic Mirror of last week published for the first time a poem by Miles Levick, the old-time tragedian. He called it "Resignation." The poem There are whips and tops, and pieces of

strings; There are shoes that no little feet wear; There are pieces of ribbon, and broken

rings; And tresses of golden hair: There are little dresses folded away Out of the light of the sunny day. There are dainty jackets that never are

worn;
There are toys, and models of ships;
There are books and pletures, all faded
and torn,
And marked with the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to Yet I strive to think that the Lord is

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul,
Sometimes, when I try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many
flowers,
And taken mine away:
And I sometimes doubt if the Lord
can know
That a mother's heart could love them
so.

Then I think of the many weary ones That are waiting and watching tonight for the slow return of faltering feet That have strayed from the paths of

right; Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin; Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes; They perish by fire and flood; And their hands are black with the direst

erimes at have kindled the wrath of God-et a mother's song has soothed them to rest. She has hushed them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three—
My babes that never grow old—
And I know they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with the streets of gold.
Safe; safe from the cares of the weary

years, From sin, and sorrow, and war; And I thank my God, through my falling For the things in the bottom drawer STARTING A RAILROAD MAN.

Young Man Had a College Education, But Took Office Boy's Place. It all occurred in the Atlanta railroad world, and it so happened that the Con-titution man was in on the first chap-